Adventures of an Iron -Brigade Man -

By CAPT. R. K. BEECHAM, 2d Wis.

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In the Summer of 1861, and shortly af- | to a General, a leader of men and a In the Summer of 1861, and shortly after the first battle of Bull Run, Gen. George B. McClellan was called to Washington to reorganize the Army of the Potomac, and the following November, when Gen. Scott retired from service on account of age, McClellan was made General-in-Chief of the Army of the United States. As an organizer Gen. McClellan showed marked ability and efficiency, and what was not with us. Then, to cap the climax of absurdity as a military movement, while embarking a part of his army at Alexandria for his trip down the Potomac. McClellan ordered an advance count of age, McClellan was made General-in-Chief of the Army of the United States. As an organizer Gen. McClellan showed marked ability and efficiency, and whatever else history may record of him, it must record this one fact in his favor, that he organized one of the best armies that he organized one of the best armies the world ever saw-an army that no disaster could dishearten and no defeat discourage; but as a General in the field where battles were to be lost and won he was a great disappointment to the country and to the army.

GIBBON'S IRON BRIGADE.

In the new organization my regiment was brigaded with the 6th and 7th Wis. and the 19th Ind., and during the campaigns of 1862 was known as Gibbon's Brigade of King's Division of McDowell's Corps, Gen. McDowell retaining com-mand of the First Corps. In the Fall of 1862 the 24th Mich. was added to the brigade, and from that time on it con-sisted of these five regiments. During the Fall and Winter of 1861-

'62 our camp was located near Fort Til-linghast, about a half-mile west of the Arlington House, where Gen. McDowell had his headquarters, and many a night I did guard duty beneath the roof of the I did guard duty beneath the roof of the old Lee Mansion. Down in the valley toward the Potomac, a mile or more from our camp, was situated a level field or plain, which we used for a drill ground and for the purpose of regimental and brigade drill we there assembled every day, except Sundays, unless we were ordered to Ball's Crossroads for a division drill, corps manuver, sham battle or grand review.

grand review.

Thus we drilled, paraded and reviewed continuously, but we did not disturb the peace and comfort of the enemy to any great or alarming extent. Throughout the fine weather of the Fall and Winter of 1861, when the roads were in splendid of 1861, when the roads were in splendid condition and everything apparently fa-vorable for field operations, Beauregard was drilling his army and performing field evolutions on the plains of Ma-nassas, holding the old Bull Run line, within two days' march of us, with his pickets extended 10 miles nearer our out-rosts actually menacing if not in fact. posts, actually menacing, if not in fact besieging, our National Capital, as it ap-peared in the eyes of the Nations, watch-

ing from afar.

But McClellan delighted in reviews more than in battles. With the Prince de Joinville and his nephews, the sons of the Duc d'Aumale—the soldiers called them "McClellan's French ducks"—in his wake, it was the crowning glory of his ambition to ride for miles along the grand array of his army prepared for review in holiday attire. Not all the ducks and other web-footed species on McClellan's staff, for he had a host of them, were

During the early Fall of 1861 an event occurred that interested me, personally, greatly more than parade and review. This event was nothing more nor less than an order—and its results—for the yaccination of the army. I had been vaccinated several years before the war broke out, and it broke out, that is, the yaccination did, on my arm very nicely, and, as the saying is, "worked well;" but this order included all, so I was vaccinated again with the others. Now, this particular vaccine virus must have been obtained from some many scrub that ran During the early Fall of 1861 an event This event was nothing more nor less than an order—and its results—for the more than to wear out a goodly supply of salt on the parent stock. In my case it did not produce kine-pox, hough it "worked" as work of wee and wretchedness that surpassed any case of genuine samplings. Sometimes, instead of the rich, pressed ed any case of genuine small-pox, taken naturally, on record.

In the very worst cases of smallpox the patient only dies after a few days of suffering, or recovers with his beauty some-what marred; but in this case there was no such fortunate chance as death coming to his relief, and of what value is beauty to him who suffereth eternal torment? I do not know how extensive this inoculation of the fiery mange may have been, but I know that all my tent-mates got it, not only in the neck, but in every other part of their physical being, and in about 10 days from date of vaccination we were suffering all the tor-ments of the damned, unless the damned are afflicted more terribly than mortals

For the next three months life become a burden to us. Our regimental Surgeons prescribed the regulation cure-all—quinine and whisky, or brown mixture-while we continued to enjoy the humor of dis-ease. Later, when the Winter storms set in and the stress of drill, review and sham bat-tle was less urgent, we secured passes to the city by turns, and there purchased sulphur by the pound and Sand's sarsa-parilla and other blood purifiers by the bottle, and by a persistent course of he-roic treatment, wherein we used freely a mixture of gun-nowder and salphur we finally, toward Spring, succeeded in erad-leating the flower and fruit of our vaccination, but I were on my arms and erson the honorable scars received hat campaign for many years after. No. thank you; no more vaccination for me. When I'm vaccinated for cow-pox again I'll take the bull by the horns—take the smallpox naturally—take strychnine—take all three at a dosc. Nevertheless, from that date I have been impervious to smallpox, having been often exposed to the dread scourge, which passed me by

A WINTER OF IDLENESS.

Of course, the Administration became dissatisfied and the people of the North extremely impatient with McClellan's slow tactics. They believed that the Army of the Potomac was organized to do a greater work than simply defending Washington; but McClellan, having frittered away the fine weather of the Fall and early Winter until the Winter storms set in, had the best of an excuse for not set in, had the best of an excuse for not moving then. The first snow storm of the Winter of any importance struck us early in February while we were in camp, which was, to us, a reminder of Wiscon-sin Winters, and we improved the op-portunity of indulging in an old-fashioned

Wisconsin snow-balling frolic.

We had several snow storms later in
the season, some of them occurring while we were on picket, for we were sent out beyond Falls Church every once in a while to do our share of picket duty; but during the whole Winter I never once caught sight of a Confederate soldierno, there was not much firing on the cket line that Winter, except to fire-

brush when the weather was cold.

At last the impatience of the people became so unendurable that President Lincoln issued an order that the army should move in March, which was cer-tainly a mouth earlier than was safe for any army to commence offensive opera-tions in Virginia. Then McClellan made the great mistake of his military career. With the enemy almost in sight, so near that he might engage him in battle by a vigorous push within three days, with his whole army undivided, forming a solid wall between Beauregard and Washington, with his base of supplies always in reach and no long line of communication to keep open, he threw these advantages to the wind and adopted the plan of avoiding a battle as long as possible by moving his army by water to the Peninsila. thus changing positions with Beauregard and giving the Confederates the advan-

If in the month of March, 1862, Mellau could have turned his army over

clean and orderly, and for the few days that I was flat on my back it seemed that my misfortune had really led me into pleasant lines. Dr. St. John was the Surgeon in charge of the hospital, under the general supervision of Dr. Summers, the Medical Director of all the hospitals in the city of Alexandria. Dr. St. John soon had me on my feet again, and within a week I was pronounced "convalescent" and thereafter able to take my meals at the convalescent table, as it was called; but it was my opinion then, and since that time I have had no reason to change it, that the table was not convalescent, but sick, deathly sick. I ate at that table for about two weeks, and the fare was the same yesterday, today and forever. No, I'm not fault-finding, for it is too late for that, but as a matter of history I wish to record that bill-of-fare, a la Prince Street Hospital, just as it was served to the sovereign citizens of America who defended the National as it was served to the sovereign citizens of America who defended the National Flag in the year of our Lord 1862.

In the first place the table was made



IN THE WAKE OF GIBBON'S BRIGADE.

upward many kinks, loops and doubles were required to sleep with the whole body under cover at once. If, perchance, the long soldier, in his dreams, found himself enjoying his bed of other days, and straightened his aching limbs out he would see at least two feet into out, he would go at least two feet into the cold, night air; or if, with his feet braced against the firmly-driven foot post, braced against the armiy-driven toot post, he essayed to relieve his weariness of body by uncoiling, he would awake with a start to find himself star-gazing, with head and shoulders half buried in Virginia mud. I often wondered why our War Department hadn't enough common sense to make a shelter tent that would shelter both ends of a common soldier at

We remained at Centerville for a few days only, during which time we had our last snow storm of that season. On our return trip, especially the day we reached Alexandria, it rained continuously all day ong, the water coming down in torrents This March rain was delightfully cool, but about the wettest rain I ever saw. When we reached the vicinity of Alexandria there was not a dry thread among us, and our hardtack was a mass of water-soaked mush We camped in a fine grove of timber, and immediately on breaking ranks each

soldier made a dash for anything in sight that could in any manner mitigate his uncomfortable situation. There was a uncomfortable situation. There was a board fence extending along the edge of the grove about 100 yards away, and I ran for the fence, which I reached among the first. I jerked off one board, and lo! on either hand the fence had disappeared. No man got more than one board. I gave my board to a tent-mate who was just one jump behind me, and dashed for a wheatstack that then seemed the center of attraction, of which I secured an armful. The rain was still falling in tor-rents, the ground was everywhere flooded. and night was gathering over us. All through the grove axes were getting in their work, trees were falling in every direction and camp-fires were blazing upward in various places. But my tentmate and myself pitched our tent hastily, broke our board in pieces and used then for a floor, on which we spread our wheat straw, and, supperless, retired for night. Drawing our cool, moist blankets about and over us, we were soon warm and steaming and slept comfortably till

This proved to be my first, last and only field campaign under the leadership and direction of Gen. George B. McClellan. President Lincoln would not consent to have Washington left defenseless, and detached the First Corps from McClel-lan's army to defend the National Capital, while with the remaining force he should capture the Capital of the Con-federacy. Had McClellan made the Con-federate army, and not the Confederate Capital, his objective point, he could have kept his army in its full strength and completeness, and defended Washington while he fought the army that opposed him, with every chance of success in his favor. The First Corps remained in camp near Alexandria for a week or two, and then marched overland to Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock. The First Corps on the Rappanninock. The First Corps was afterwards reunited with the Army of the Potomac and made the Antietam campaign under McClellan's command, but the writer of these sketches was not

PRINCE STREET HOSPITAL.

Three days before the First Corps marched for Fredericksburg, in April, 1862, I was sent to the regimental hos-

burg to Warrenton several times, and once we marched southward toward Rich-

by to deceive Beauregard, when as a manounced the convalescents assembled in the hall, and as they filed through the moved his army by rail to Richmond to meet him on the Peninsula before he ordered that advance on Centerville.

announced the convalescents assembled in the hall, and as they filed through the dining-room door each soldier received from the hand of a kind waiter, who stood on the outside of the door over a basket of bread cut in slices, from two to three I enjoyed the honor of serving in this latter campaign, and boldly we marched to Centerville, and just as fearlessly we marched back again, but I have yet to learn that we accomplished anything more than to wear out a goodly supply of shoe leather. This march took place about the middle of March. It was not a real pleasant march, but very glorious, and the victory won was bloodless.

> vegetable soup, we were supplied with a tin plate, containing a boiled potato and lispose of the same, and a cup of good, cold water, but in no case were we supplied with soup and at the same meal. with soup and the potato and meat

> For supper we had the same lavish supply of bread and a cup of tea, served in the same artistic style, and the pinch of salt also, that was never withheld. Such was our fare day in and day out, week in and week out, so long as I ate at that magnificent table. at that magnificent table.

> O, it was fine; fit for a king-an American sovereign; but, strange to say, I did not appreciate it at the time, neither did I grow strong and robust as one would suppose a man must on such carefully-arranged diet. I ate at that table in the convalescent department of Prince Street Hospital, Alexandria, Va., about two weeks-it may have been a trifle longerweeks—it may have been a trine longer— time flies so rapidly where one has every-thing to his taste. Then the Medical Director came around and rubbed it into Dr. St. John for not getting his patients in fighting trim more rapidly. He told the Hospital Surgeon in plain words that it was all nonsense keeping a lot of able-bodied men feeding on the fat of the land

> in a hospital, month after month, whe their services were needed in the field. After the Medical Director had retired Dr. St. John called the convalescents of Prince Street Hospital together and, displaying a slice of bread such as we each received from the hand of the kind waiter each meal, thus addressed us: "I want know if there is any soldier here who is not satisfied with the rations he gets at this hospital. If any man here wants more at a meal than this (flourishing the more at a meal than this (flourishing the slice of bread). I want to send him to his regiment." Some of the convalescents who could appreciate good living and a soft snap expressed themselves as perfectly satisfied with our fare, but it seemed a pity that the Doctor should not be able to find an excuse for sending at least one man to the front; so I said:
> "Doctor, I am not sure but that slice of
> bread you hold in your hand is bread
> enough for a meal—in fact, as our meals
> are served here, I think it is; but man
> may not live on bread alone, at least I
> do not care to said the soldier who least I may not live on bread nione, at least 1 do not care to, and the soldier who is satisfied with the fare we get at this hospital is certainly not a hard kicker, and for one I'm ready to be returned to my regiment, where I can get a decent meal." My request was granted without argument that very day.

> In rejoining my regiment, which was at Fredericksburg, I made my first trip down the Potomac River as far as Belle Plain the Potomac River as far as Belle Plain Landing, which was Gen. McDowell's base of supplies, where I landed about sunset. That night I slept in some out-of-the-way corner, and the next day foot-ed it across North Neck to the Rappa-haunock River, where I found my regi-ment in the full enjoyment of camp life, without an enemy in sight.

HEADQUARTERS IN THE SADDLE.

During the Summer of 1862 the First Corps soldiered in the Valley of the Rap-pahannock mostly, but we were not hap-psy, believing that McClellan was reaping all the glory on the Chickshominy would capture Richmond and end the without any assistance from us; in fact, many of us hoped he would. We marched back and forth from Fredericksmarched for Fredericksburg, in April, 1862. I was sent to the regimental hospital with fever and ague. When the corps marched I was not able for duty, and was therefore sent to the Prince Street General Hospital at Alexandria. This was my first experience with and in a general hospital, but, sad to say, and just as sad to endure, it was not my last. I only remained in that hospital abult three weeks, and was not delighted with it sufficiently to desire to serve out my term of enlistment there.

Everything about the hospital was neat,

gin s and extra uniforms.

For the next few days Gibbon's Brigade was the flower of the First Corps when we appeared on parade, all dressed in bran-new uniforms and neat and clean canvas leggins, and Gen. Gibbon was creatly pleased with the success of his indertaking. Then came marching orders, and the corps moved up the Valley. Of course, no volunteer soldier would pack an extra pound in June weather, much less an

son, was making a series of rapid move-ments against divisions of the Union army which were in the Valley of the Shenandoah. • • • In quick succes-sion Jackson met and repulsed Gens. Frenont, Banks and McDowell, and then bined Lee."
McDowell's Corps was not in the Val-

McDowell's Corps was not in the Valley of the Shenandoah, and Jackson did not meet it or any part of it until after McClellan had been driven from in front of Richmond to the James River.

Early in July, and after McClellan had been defeated in his purpose to capture Richmond, Gen. Pope was assigned to all the forces along the Rappahannock and Rapidan Rivers in the immediate front of Washington, consisting of the First Corps, under McDowell, and other Union forces commanded by Banks and Fremont, which army thus improvised was called the Army of Northern Virginia. Gen. Pope immediately issued his famous order, known in history as the "Headorder, known in history as the "Head-quarters in the Saddle Order." which was read to each regiment at dress parade and thereafter freely commented upon and discussed by the soldiers.

and thereafter freely commented upon and discussed by the soldiers.

Gen. Pope was a fighter, and began at once to put his army in shape to meet the certain advance of Lee against Washington, and the campaign which followed was a hot number. Lee, having driven McClellan from in front of, Richmond and cooped his army up at Turkey Bend, on the James River, lost no time in turning his attention to Pope's army as the only remaining obstacle blocking his way to the National Capital and complete victory. Here we had a practical illustration of McClellan's lack of generalship in uncovering Washington in the outset of his campaign, which led to the segregation of the army, and also of the wisdom of President Lincoln's order retaining the First Corps for the defense of the Capital.

Sometimes, instead of the rich, pressed regetable soup, we were supplied with a in plate, containing a boiled potato and bite of meat, with knife and fork to lispose of the same, and a cup of good,

to the regimental hospital with malarial fever. Then when the tramp of war sounded and my comrades marched away sounded and my comrades marched away to glory and many of them to death, I was sent, with others in a like condition, to try again the peaceful rest of an Alexandria hospital. If I had been consulted in the matter I would have preferred taking my chances with my regiment; but, sick or well, a soldier must obey orders, and the orders were to send the sick to

This providential interference brought me again in contact with the general hos-pital system of the United States of America as it was practiced in those days.

From Fredericksburg we crossed the
peninsula to Belle Plain Landing on the Potomac, from which point we took a boat up the river. On our arrival at Alexandria, and while attendants were carrying the helplesss on stretchers from the boat to the ambulances (I was able to walk without assistance), I was ac-costed by a young officer who wore a Lieutenant's shoulder straps and the uniform of an Assistant Surgeon, who in-quired as to the number of sick on board, where we were from, etc., and presuming that his young heart was full of the milk of human kindness, I gave him such in-formation as I was able, answering all his questions courteously and not once alluding to myself to attract his sympa-thetic ear. Then the young dude surprised me exceedingly by venturing prised me exceedingly by venturing this outspoken and very plain statement directed to me personally: "Well, sir, I don't think you are very sick, and men who are able for service should be in the field and not in the hospital." I never asked the dear little doctor if he intended that as medical advice for which he exvected a fee for the vice for which he expected a fee, for I felt perfectly willing to pay him whatever his intentions were, and I said: "My dear pink-and-white friend, what's it to you? If I choose to play off and come to Alexandria on a lark, is it any of your business?" And then, in connection with full payment for his kindly suggestion, full payment for his kindly suggestion, I made some remarks and used some expressive English terms not necessary to repeat, but which the Dector could not fail to understand perfectly. The transaction of payment was all by word of mouth, and I did not occupy more than a minute of time, but I felt assured that the young Doctor was perfectly satisfied that his disinterested interest in the state of my health was amply and generously rewarded. Being satisfied of that fact, I walked the gang plank and took fact, I walked the gang plank and took my seat in an ambulance.

(To be continued.)

OHIOANS AT ANTIETAM. Monument to McKinley and Markers to Be

Erected on Battlefield. A commission of Ohio veterans has selected sites for the erection of monuments and markers on the Antietam battlefield to the memory of Ohioans who lost their

to the memory of Ohioans who lost their lives in that battle. The commission, composed of Capt. W. W. Miller, of Columbus; Maj. J. T. Moore, of Barnesville, and Maj. D. Cunningham, of Cadiz, has just completed its work.

The sites selected are located as follows: Four on Branch avenue, one on Bloody Lane, three on the farm of R. D. Fisher, near the Dunkard Church, two on the farm of Jacob Stone, and one each on the farms of Joshua Wyand and John Benner. A plot of ground on the Benner farm has been selected as a site for a monument to President McKinley, who, as Sergeant of the 23d Ohio, voluntarily served coffee and provisions to the men of served coffee and provisions to the men of the regiment while under fire. The Ohio Legislature has appropriated \$20,000 for the erection of the monuments and mark-

of the war these knobs were more thick-ly settled than most of the mountainous regions in that locality. The lands were steep, and on that account hard to cultivate, but the soil was quite fertile and

course, no volunteer soldier would pack an extra pound in June weather, much less an extra pound ings.

At the opening of the war there was a man named Davis, near 70 years of age, who espoused the cause of the South. His age and feebleness prevented aggressive action on his part, and on that account he was not molested by those who opposed him. William Elledge, who was in the very zenith of his manhood, cast his lot with the Confederacy, and at an early day enlisted. A young man, McClanahan, who really did not belong to that section, but had come in just at the outbreaking of hostilities, also enlisted. Afterward another young man, John Farmer, espoused the cause of the South. His age and feebleness prevented aggressive action on his part, and on that account he was not molested by those who opposed him. William Elledge, who was in the very zenith of his manhood, cast his lot with the Confederacy, and at an early day enlisted. A young man, John Farmer, espoused the cause of the South. His age and feebleness prevented aggressive action on his part, and on that account he was not molested by those who opposed him. William Elledge, who was in the very zenith of his manhood, cast his lot with the Confederacy, and at an early day enlisted. A young man, John Farmer, espoused the cause of the was not molested by those who opposed him. William Elledge, who was in the very zenith of his manhood, cast Mountains just in time to follow in the distance the retreating columns of Gen. George W. Morgan from Cumberland Gap to the Ohio River, and did not reach the army until it was found in Ohio. They followed thus in the track of a retreating army of starving soldiers, through the mountains, beset on all sides by the enemy, for a distance of nearly 400 miles, suffering such privations as it is seldom the lot of man to suffer, from hunger,

the lot of man to suffer, from hunger, fatigue and constant dread of attacks by what they regarded as a relentless and merciless foe.

Having enlisted, Elledge and McClanahan, clad in their Confederate uniforms, went back among their old neighbors. The probabilities are that they were taunted and teased considerably by the Unionists, who were sorely vexed at the presence of the uniform which they considered as meaning convession to them and the dewho were sorely vexed at the presence of the uniform which they considered as meaning oppression to them and the de-struction of the Government they loved so much. Elledge told many stories about the stupidity of the Yankees, and one Southerner whipping five of them, and how the Confederate soldiers would run them off at the knees with sabers, and the like. It was foolish, idle talk, but in-tended to cow and depress the loyal spir-it, that was not to be intimidated. Mc-Clanahan did the same thing, and it was

said, in addition that he was insulting to the loyal women. the loyal women.

One bright day in the very beginning of the war, Elledge, clad in his gray uniform, was walking near his home. A shot was fired from a small rifle, and the ball took effect in his side. Fortunately for him, the ball struck a rib, and not having force sufficient to break or penetrate the rib, it followed the hope partly trate the rib, it followed the bone partly around the body. He was carried home, and suffered severely from the wound. On the same day, at about the same time,

and the ball struck him in the right shoulpassing clear through and out at his left shoulder. A gunsmith in the neigh-borhood had made a gun with a large bore, driving a forced and pointed ball. This shot was from that gun.

McClanahan leaped high in the air, his

body twisting as he leaped, and he fell, his head against a barrel near the door of the cabin. He was dead.

John H. Morgan was then a Colonel commanding a regiment. He was sent from Kuoxville with his command to quell the rebellion in the El-lejoy Knobs. He went directly to the house of Elledge to remove him. While a few were in the house preparing for the removal of the wounded man to the ambulance or wagon, and the command was standing about the premises on guard and watching for the "enemy," three shots were fired from a high point above them. One of the bullets took effect in the hand of one of Morgan's men. Throwing out a skirmish line the soldier dashed with all speed possible up the side of the ridge in search of the attacking parties. They declared, however, that the cork was drawn from the mouth of the cloud, and it settled in utter darkness over the knob that concealed the Lincolnites

for they searched everywhere and could The boys who did the shooting dropped behind the body of a large fallen tree which was lying alongside of the ridge, and the leaves had drifted against the upper side. Here they stretched out their bodies, twisting themselves under the leaves close up under and against the trunk of the tree. The cloud that sud-denly lowered over the high point confused the cavalrymen, and did much to conceal the object of their search. A squad of Morgan's men leaped their horses over the fallen tree and the boys lying there in the leaves, but did not find them. A few months after this the three boys that did the shooting enlisted in the 3d Tenn. Cay Federal), and served as good and faith ful soldiers until their death. They were all three lost on the ill-fated Sultana, Apri 27, 1865.

The other young man that went with the Confederacy, John Farmer, enlisted. His people were intensely Union. He had three brothers in the Union army, as good

soldiers as ever drew saber. Two of them were lost on the Sultana.

John Farmer was a bold, fearless fellow, and reckless. When a large number of his neighbors had gone into the Federal nes, he was kept in the commu dently for the purpose of intimidating the loyalists, and to aid in securing conscripts for the Confederacy. Armed and equipped, he went about conspicuously, assuming the daredevil air until he was dreaded by



PENSIONS! PENSIONS!

BY MAJ. WILL A. MCTEER.

There is a section of territory at the eastern extremity of Blount County, Tenn., known as the Ellejoy Knobs. It is between the Chilhowee Mountain and Ellejoy Creek, being a strip about three miles wide and eight miles in length. In this section are the foot hills of the Chilhowee; rough, precipitous and heavily of the war these.

this section are the foot line of the beavily howee; rough, precipitous and heavily timbered. At the time of the outbreaking of the war these knobs were more thick-WASHINGTON, D. C.

old neighbors, Frank Cummings, an out-spoken Union man, came to the gathering. There was not a more peaceable man in the district than Cummings. He was in middle life and raising a large family. He was carrying a walking-stick, but aside from this was without anything like a weapon. Remaining a short time at the voting place, he went on alone. Farmer mounted his horse and followed Cummings, overtaking him in a field some 400 yards from the place of the public gather-ing. There the two men met alone, and the peaceable, quiet man, being aroused, became a lion. Approaching, Farmer fired on Cummings, inflicting a painful flesh wound in the shoulder. Following the shot, Farmer drew his revolver, and with t bearing on Cummings, dashed upon him. Cummings coolly awaited his near approach, then with his walking-cane gave blow on Farmer's head that brought him

from his horse and to the ground. Quickened to desperation by the onslaught and the pains of his wound, Cum-mings instantly seized the gun with which Farmer had shot him, and gave such a terrible blow that it opened the skull of his assailant. Cummings then broke the gun-stock and stuck the muzzle into the ground at the place where Farmer's head had fallen, and went on to a physician, where he had his wound dressed, and then made his way through to the Federal lines. He enlisted in the 6th Tenn., and served until the close of the war, then returned to his home, but soon died from

returned to his home, but soon died from
the exposures and hardships experienced
during the time from the killing of Farmer until he reached the Union army.
These were only the three Confederate soldiers from, the Ellejoy Knobs.
Two of them were killed and the other
wounded almost at their own doors. The wounded man was taken away by John H. Morgan, and was never known to be in that locality again.

The loss of life among the Union boys

was also heavy. Many of them went into the Union army, but few returned.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBURE: In the Spring of 1865 I became the possessor of a Sharp's carbine picked up on the field of Hatcher's Run. As I was only a mu-sician, there was some question as to what I was going to do with it; but I retained

the gun.

My regiment, the 146th N. Y., was in the Third Brigade, Second Division, Fifth Corps. During the early days of Gen. Grant's final efforts to outflank the Confederate position at Petersburg, a line formed in the woods about 12 miles southwest of the city, and, facing north, approached within a few hundred yards of the White Oak Road. Sheridan with his cavalry had gone a few miles farther west

a bad hand, and, being without forceps, made an incision as far as he felt it safe in going, and left it for suppuration to aid in opening the way out.

A few days after this, when the opening was almost sufficient for the exit of the ball, the wounded man was sitting in the door of a cabin with a knitting needle picking at the loosening ball. A shot was fired from the hillside some distance off, and the hall struck him in the right shoul-Confederates observing the capture of their officer put out a picket line. dinner they passed on toward Five Forks. We estimated their number at from 3,000

to 4,000 men. Up to this time there had been no firing; in fact, all was quiet that

afternoon and night. About noon the next day a heavy thun-der shower came up. It lasted about two hours. The ground in front had been a comfield the previous year, and after the rain was deep, soft mud. The rain stopped and we prepared to charge through the field. I removed the breech lock from my gun and found the powder wet. I put in a fresh foad. Our men did not seem to realize that their guns would not fire. We were ordered forward, the Colonel permitting me to take a place in the line of file closers. Notwithstanding the mud, moved forward at double-quick. W within easy range of the Confederate breastworks we were ordered to fire There were only about a dozen shots. The powder in nearly all the guns had been wet by the heavy rain. The men began to scatter. I started for the woods on the right. There our Colonel (afterwards General) James Grindlay, made a heroic effort to rally his men. Perhaps 30 or 40 men were with him. By this time the whole Confederate line was coming over their breastworks. There was nothing for the Colonel to do but to retire with his men.

I waited until the enemy was within easy range, then fired. Their advance being at an ordinary pace gave me time to run back to another tree, load and fire again, This I did several times. When I reached our picket line I found about a dozen men. A little to our right was a group of men with bucktails in their hats. To our left the rebel line encountered two bodies of Union troops, each firing a volley and retiring.

We continued our retreat, and about a mile farther came to a low valley through which ran a small stream. On the oppo-There were only about a dozen shots. The powder in nearly all the guns had been wet by the heavy rain. The men began to scatter. I started for the woods on the right. There our Colonel (afterwards Gen-

vate, but the soil was quite fertile and productive. The people lived in open log cabins, and from their birth were accustomed to hardships and exposure, and loved the freedom of their wild surroundings.

At the opening of the war there was a man named Davis, near 70 years of age.

There was not a more peaceable man in the stream and halted. After our troops had entered the line the spoken Union man, came to the gathering. There was not a more peaceable man in the control of the line the spoken Union man, came to the gathering. There was not a more peaceable man in the control of the line the spoken Union man, came to the gathering. There was not a more peaceable man in the control of the line the spoken Union man, came to the gathering. There was not a more peaceable man in the control of the line the spoken Union man, came to the gathering. had a great deal to do with repressing their desire to pursue us farther, and they their desire to pursue us lartier, and they retired. It is my opinion that most of these Confederates went to Five Forks that afternoon.

That night the ground froze up, and about 9 o'clock we lay down to sleep.—F. S. White, 19 La Grange St., Cleveland,

PICKET SHOTS

From Alert Comrades Along the Whole

C. A. Hendrickson, who served with the gallant old 28th Wis., is now living in Kansas. His address is Box 11, Calvert, Kan.

Benedict Emch. Perrysburg. O., reports
the following brothers in Co. I, 68th Ohio;
John, Charles, Albert and I. N. Ingh;
William, Thomas and Lloyd Patterson;

Joseph, Henry and James Harpel; Enoch and Nelson Campbell; Barney and Scylas Older; Thomas and C. A. Kellogg; Will-iam and M. B. Look; William and James Gardner; John and Benedict Emch.

Samuel Tull, who served in Co. D. 5th Va., from beginning to end of the war, is now living at Athalia, Ohio. Comrade Tull had many interesting experiences dur-ing his service.

ing his service.

Laura S. Baird, of Denver, Colo., advocates a service pension bill at \$25 per month, regardless of length of service.

A. J. Morchouse, Nebo, Mo., wishes some comrade to send him the old ballad, "Come All You Jolly Union Boys," etc.

W. H. Doughty, Orr's Island, Me., writes that on April 9, 1865, after the surrendered Confederates had stacked arms, a young soldier of the "lost cause" applied to him for the exchange of money. Comrade Doughty gave him the last greenback that he possessed. He has never heard from the Confederate since, and would like to know how he prospered and would like to know how he prospered

and would like to know how he prospered after the war.

Comrade W. H. Sease, 117th Ill., Lanton, Mo., claims that the 10th Kan. was brigaded with his regiment, but such claim has been disputed. He would like some comrade of either the 10th Kan. or 117th Ill. to write to him, that the controversy may be settled.

A. L. Sherman, Co. F. 65th N. Y., Cattaraugus, N. Y., suggests that survivors of the regiment hold a Reunion at Washington, during the National Encampment, say, at the Sixth Corps headquarters. He would like to hear from other members of the regiment, particularly some comrade in Washington who could attend to the arrangements.

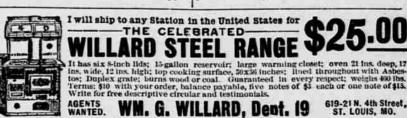
Instant Vigor.

Weak Men Can Have It Free by Send ing Name and Address-Imparts Strength and Vigor for Life.

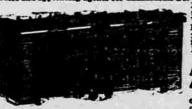
You Will Be Delighted the First Day.



Feeis so Good to be My Old Self Again."







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